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Elusive Thoughts

Jack Beddall*

*Iowa State College

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Elusive Thoughts

Jack Beddall

Abstract

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with one bullish hand and grabbed a mug with the other.

Oh man, I thought, this isn't what I had in mind at all. The man started to pour beer on the kid's face and down his dirty shirt. I sat my chair down, and slowly planted one cocked leg against the bastard's chair seat. He was angled toward me. He stopped drowning the kid for a minute and cocked his head my direction. Just as he started to frown, I braced my free leg against the table and shoved the other full force against his chair. He didn't even have time to break the backwards topple of his seat, flailed with his free hand, caught the table and brought it and gallons of beer crashing down on top of him on the sawdust bar floor.

Well, that's how things end up. Ambitious beginnings and blind alleys. I didn't even bother to think what was going to happen next. The kid made his sprint for the door and disappeared into the street.

The guy's partner got up, with more than a little blood in his eye, and took a step toward me. But the owner-bouncer muscled his way through the gathering crowd standing around us, grabbed me and hustled me in no uncertain terms toward the door. I didn't object.

The sun was on the mountain outside. It was almost midnight. I stepped off the sidewalk and angrily caught myself expecting a thank-you or something from the little fugitive.

I looked up the street. Empty. I turned and looked the other way. The same. Well then, I thought, it doesn't make much difference which way I go. I started walking.

Elusive Thoughts

by Jack Beddall

Zool., Senior

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